



DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE 1970

— **Stephen Maddock Cooper '70**

Perhaps the time has come
to use the glass as a window
rather than a mirror.

Cover by Quentin Schlieder



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Dr. David Blumenfield

Having graduated from National Agricultural College, Dr. Blumenfield received his Masters and Doctorate degrees from Rutgers University.

As past Delta Tau Alpha advisor, and current Horticulture Club advisor, Dr. Blumenfield has expressed sincere interest and devotion to the students and Administration of Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture.

He is well appreciated by all for his wit and humor which enlivens many a class. His teaching creativity makes his lectures a unique learning experience.

The staff of the Spring - Summer 1970 GLEANER is honored to dedicate this issue to Dr. David Blumenfield.



— Stephen Maddock Cooper '70

A man that weeps for all . . .
loves but a few.

A man that weeps for a few . . .
loves all.

— Credit: L. Ivins Smith, III



Jay Kamler

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park And Its Environs

— Donald Snively '70

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, located on the border of Tennessee and North Carolina, comprises a unique cradle of vegetation, diverse and uncommon in nature. One can find located in the Smokies the greatest array of wild flowers east of the Rockies. The general climate of this unspoiled wilderness is one of temperance, but as altitude increases, the winters become longer and colder, an atypical attribute for an area as far south as the Great Smoky National Park. As a point of reference, altitudes range from 2500 feet to over 6000 feet. As one approaches from the flatlands of Tennessee and North Carolina, large mountains arise in the distance. Upon greater penetration of this national park, lofty Mount Mitchell, 6684 feet, the highest mountain east of the Mississippi, looms with defiant grace.

Because of the extremely high altitudes, vegetation indigenous to the boreal or northern forests of the United States and Canada can be observed. The southernmost limits of this Canadian life zone are on the slopes of Clingman's Dome (6643 ft.) and on the Tanasee Bald on the Blue Ridge Parkway. This type of environment is a holdover from the Pleistocene epoch of the Ice Age. During this influential era, the highlands of the Great Smoky National Forest became a refuge for vegetation whose lower lying comrades retreated with the flow of the massive continental glaciers. What was once an unbroken boreal forest is now a system of narrow ribbons of northern forest areas. The major regions exhibiting these unusual and out-of-place northern forests are the Shenandoah National Park, the Blue Ridge Parkway, and the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. The Smokies illustrate the most extensive and



Rattlesnake Plantain

complete boreal segment, corresponding to the spruce-fir forests that sweep through Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. Specific and interesting remnants of the northern forests are balsam fir and red spruce on a large scale, with mixed hardwood forests of yellow birch, mountain ash, mountain maple, and pin cherry.

The Canadian Zone can be identified quite readily by its woody northern vegetation. Two other zones also exist, but are difficult to differentiate. These are the Transition Zone, ranging from 2500 to 4000 feet, and the Upper Austral or Carolinian Zone, comprising the areas below 2500 feet.

The richness and abundance of flora in this 800 square-mile preserve can be ascribed to many things. The Great Smoky Mountains' geographic location is of prime importance. The high slopes were never submerged by ancient seas, nor were they scoured by the direct force of the great glaciers, as were the lower lands surrounding the park. Rainfall is also abundant, ranging from 70 to 85 inches, according to the altitude and relation to the prevailing winds. So rich is this area, especially during the growing season, that wild flowers show exceptional vigor, trees reach record size, and shrubs grow to tree proportions.

The extensive mountain ranges of the Smokes are not high enough for timber line conditions, thus resulting in a thorough cloaking of the entire region by forests. As altitude increases, however, the winter months become longer, reaching a maximum of six months at the extreme elevations.

The forerunners of spring on the Great Smokies are the wild flowers, which usually begin to show color in March. Towards the end of April, two hundred species can be observed. Azaleas, mountain laurel, and rhododendron flower in great profusion in May and June. As summer progresses, the conspicuous varieties of wild flowers cease blooming and the more subtle forms take over, such as naked-flowered tick-trefoil

and various members of the Orchid family. Many interesting fungi can also be observed, along with the curious fungus-like Indian Pipes, *Unotropa monillora*. With the advent of the fall season, great spectacles of fall coloration take over the stage. October twentieth to October thirtieth is the peak time to view this autumn panorama.

Throughout the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, many interesting trees and shrubs exist. All have one thing in common: they grow luxuriantly in the favorable environment of the Smokies.

Among the more interesting shrubs is the Dog-Hobble (*Leucothoe fontanesiana*). This interesting member of the Heath family grows so rampantly that it forms tangles impenetrable even to a dog, hence the name Dog-Hobble. Sporting dense trails of white, bell-like flowers from May to June, Dog-Hobble exists in areas up to an altitude of 5800 feet.

An extremely early blooming shrub is the Shrub-Yellowroot (*Xanthoriza simplicissima*). Depending on the prevailing climate, this one to two foot fast-growing shrub unfurls its star-shaped brownish-purple flowers from February to March. The name Shrub-Yellowroot comes from its bright yellow roots. Numerous other shrubs and small trees grow in the Smokies, such as the Roundleaf Gooseberry (*Ribes rotundifolium*), mountain Stewartia (*Stewartia ovata*), Wild Hydrangea (*Hydrangea arborescens*), the Strawberry-Bush (*Euonymus americanus*), and the White Fringe Tree (*Chionanthus virginicus*).

In a category by themselves are the floriferous native rhododendrons and azaleas. The native flame azalea (*Rhododendron calendulaceum*) produces a beautiful show of flowers from April to June, according to elevation. Flower color ranges from the oranges to the yellows, as *R. calendulaceum* hybridizes quite easily in nature. Flame azaleas attain heights up to eight feet in the lush Great Smokies. A somewhat more subdued native azalea is the Pinxter-Flower azalea (*R. nudiflora*).

florum). In March this pink-flowered heath can be found blooming in the lower swamp areas.

Rhododendrons form the backbone of flower production in the southern mountains. The Catawba rhododendron (*R. catawbiense*) is the most eye-catching with its deep lavender coruscating flowers borne in lavish clusters. *R. catawbiense* seems to thrive best in the more open areas and ridge tops away from dense shade where the Rosebay Rhododendron (*R. maximum*) thrives in great profusion. Being of greater stature and magnitude, the Rosebay Rhododendron forms great barricades of growth in the understory of the forest. Flower colors range from white to pink.

A myriad of interesting trees proliferate in the Great Smokies. One of the more interesting forms is *Magnolia fraseri*, the Fraser Magnolia. Under normal growing conditions, an average height is thirty to forty feet. Growing in the altitudes of the Canadian life zone, *Magnolia fraseri* attains record proportions

of eighty feet in height and nine feet in circumference.

The Yellowwood (*Cladrastis lutea*) occurs in soil of a rocky nature in the Austral and Transitional Zones. It is not a common tree, but can be found on occasion in ravines and valleys, growing either singly or in clumps. Blooms of this handsome tree are long, pendulous clusters of white flowers. The name Yellowwood comes from the fact that the inner bark is a vibrant yellow color. In the Smokies, Yellowwood blooms in mid-April through May.

The Great Smokies house many other interesting and record-size trees. The beautiful American Mountain Ash (*Sorbus americana*) reaches abnormal proportions in this fertile area. The largest specimen on record has a diameter of twenty inches and is located on Mount Le Conte in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. In the summer, the higher slopes are dotted with the beautiful coral-red berries of this interesting member of the Rose family. Allegheny Serviceberry (*Amelan-*



Indian Pipes



Wild Orchid

chier laevis) also reaches record proportions in the Great Smokies. Along the Appalachian Trail, one may observe a handsome specimen two feet in diameter growing with great dignity.

The wild flowers of the Smokies are of great interest to both the casual observer and to the ardent botanist. In this vibrantly vegetative region of the south, unequalled numbers of different and unusual species can be found. Many are obvious, while others require experience and knowledge of specific habitats to be observed.

The Wintergreen family produces many interesting and diverse species. The Spotted Wintergreen (*Chimaphila maculata*) with striped, not spotted leaves, can be seen with its white flowers in June and July. Another member of the Wintergreen family is the Indian Pipe. This unusual plant totally lacks chlorophyll and obtains its nourishment from decaying organic matter in the soil. The flowers are borne on stems three to eight inches tall and exhibit bract-like petals. *Monotropa uniflora* grows from the low Piedmont areas up to the Canadian life zone.

Surprisingly, the Geranium family has a wild flower constituent in the Great Smokies. The Wild Geranium (*Geranium maculatum*) blooms from April to June with one-inch wide five-petaled rose colored flowers. The thick root of the Wild Geranium is believed to have medicinal value and has been used by Indians in the past.

Beech-Drops exist wherever beech trees grow. *Epitagus virginiana* is a long spindly parasite which feeds on the roots of the beech tree and is a member of the Broom-rape family. The slender stems may reach sizes from six to twenty inches high. Two types of scale-like flowers are present on Beech-Drops. On the lower portion of the stem, fertile flowers are present while in the upper segments larger sterile flowers are displayed.

Another member of the Broom-rape family is Squawroot (*Conopholis americana*). Feeding on the roots of oak trees, Squawroot totally lacks chlorophyll. Upon observation of this curious plant, overlapping scales combine to form a pine cone-like shape. One-half inch long yellow tube-like flowers with protruding stamens appear from May to August.

The Orchid family is a great contributor to the flora of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. Among the less-obvious members is the Downy Rattlesnake—Plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*). The bulk of the plant is a rosette of low-lying leaves with netted white veins contrasting with the dark green of the leaves. In July and August, *Goodyera pubescens* sports flower stalks six to twenty inches tall with complements of minute white flowers whorled around the upper reaches of the stalk.

Most orchids are of tropical nature and derive their nourishment from the air and constituents dissolved in the water. However, northern wild orchids have an affinity for rich mountain soil and seem to thrive very well. The very beautiful Small Yellow Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium calceolus parviflorum*) is truly a notable wild form of this largest of all plant families. The yellow pouch-like flower is of an exotic nature and looks somewhat incongruous when compared with the other more conventional wild flowers of the Smokies.

Wild flowers too numerous to mention range in great multiplicity throughout the Smokies' mountainous regions. The wild asters, trillium, and gentians are many, along with the multitudinous members of the Lily family. A specialized study of the wild flowers of the Smokies alone would take a lifetime to reach exacting completion.





— Credit: L. Ivins Smith, III

In Quest Of One Another

— Stephen Maddock Cooper '70

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

moments are bequeathed silent
by a time dead to those in love.
here, beside a sea where it all began,
we lost track of all those single steps.
a sky overhead asks not forgiveness
for its gray and star hiding mood.
but we need no moon of blue nor rise of red
for the sand tells us we are together
my love no longer dwells within,
but now rages in a hand gently held.



Love Follows Us

The sand and shells
bobble around our feet
as we gaze to the horizon
and the water foams upon the shore.

Far away, in the depths of the sea,
a gentle swell, created
in the womb of the earth,
starts on its journey.

Like our love, the tide
continually builds, reaching
higher and higher on the beach,
each time receding, taking
with it a small piece of life.

We walk, our footsteps erased
by the rushing water. But
love follows us. We stop
and stretch upon the soft sand.

Without words, our eyes talk
and tell of our love.
A quiet gentle smile
is reflected, and our lips
carry the message to each other.

The soft press of her breast,
like a budding flower, caresses my hand,
warms my heart, and soothes my soul.
We lie together, our hearts beating
next to each other, as one.

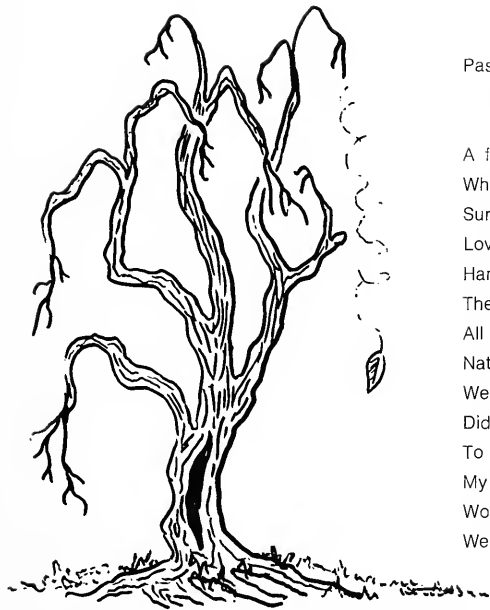
The tide now rushes quickly
as it nears its journey's end,
climbing, grasping and falling,
only to build again.

We slowly close our eyes
and share the same dream of ecstasy
as the tide recedes
with its new treasures.

— Richard Polgar '72

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

— MOTIVATION



Passionate lovers wrestle as one.

Is it for love?

Is it for fun?

A fool would only ponder these thoughts

When caressed in loves arm;

Surrounded with pleasure—hidden from harm.

Love used to sway the tiny green

Hands of nature, but now

They have fallen—my wood is bare.

All traces of love vanished in air.

Nature's hands turned earthy brown—

Were they ever green?

Did I paint dead, dull leaves green and bright

To cushion our naked bodies from society's light?

My mind clouds to a hazy mist

Wondering what did exist.

We once wrestled as one.

Friend Or Foe

— Dick Pflaum '70

I am not mad: You say that just because of last night. But I tell you, I am more sane than you are. Come now, you know me. Maybe if I explain to you what happened you'll understand about that little incident.

First of all, he was bigger than me . . . huge. He irked me and before I knew it we were wrestling on the street. He was like a madman. Ah yes! That's right. He was the one that was mad. Ha! Not me. We fought until we could not fight any more and before I knew what was coming off he was down and unconscious with me on top of him.

That breathing. That damn heavy breathing: *His* breathing that is—not *mine*. For I was calm. I had to stop that noise that was pounding my brain and ears. So we were there on the ground. Oh what a silly fool he was—ha! I had one hand on his jacket and my other hand grasped his hair. I lifted the head up and slammed it down on the concrete. But the heavy breathing continued. It even got louder! So I slammed it again. Again! Again! And the breathing ceased.

You do believe me don't you . . . ? After all you were the one that found me laying beside him and brought me here. Even now I can hear that breathing again. You must hear it too. It's *not mine*, it's coming from y . . . YOU!

A View of the Mafia

by DR. PETER GLICK, JR.

Professor of General Studies, Delaware Valley College

An essay review of "The Valachi Papers," by Peter Maas (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1968 and Bantam Paperback edition, 1969) and "The Godfather," by Mario Puzo (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1969 and Fawcett Crest Paperback edition, 1970).

The word Mafia or Cosa Nostra has an ominous ring, but what does it really mean and why do we fear it less today than we did a decade ago? The translation is really an academic question since it is dependent upon the locale in which it is applied. The literal translation of Cosa Nostra is "Our Thing," although a New York City member of the organization would refer to it as "this thing of ours," while a Buffalo compatriot would call it "the arm." Regardless of what term is used, it means organized crime, generally led by Italians of Sicilian origin. Unfortunately, not enough has been written about the role those of other national origins play in the underworld—this would be a fruitful area for writers of fiction and non-fiction to develop during the 1970's. Rational Americans agree that fear is based on ignorance and when ignorance is surmounted by knowledge, fear is eliminated. It is to this point that the work of non-fiction, "The Valachi Papers" by Peter Maas, and the novel, "The Godfather" by Mario Puzo, are reviewed in this article.

Carlo Gambino was arrested recently and charged with conspiracy to hijack an armored car of the United States Truck Corporation with \$3 million to \$5 million in cash belonging to the Chase Manhattan Bank. What is so significant about the 67-year-old man's arrest is that he is the reputed "boss of all bosses" of the six Mafia families in the New York - New

Jersey area and is also listed as one of the nine to twelve members of the Mafia's national grand council. Before Joe Valachi revealed to the FBI in 1962 inside information about the Mafia or Cosa Nostra, organized crime in the United States was an enigma. Actually, its strength rested on its mysterious, nebulous nature and this clandestineness made it seem all powerful to its membership and to the American public. What Joe Valachi's testimony to the FBI and Peter Maas' bestseller, "The Valachi Papers," accomplished was to expose organized crime's structure, methods and goals and to pioneer parallel publications among which the novel, "The Godfather," has commanded the most reader interest. With the cloak of secrecy ripped from it, organized crime in this country has now been revealed for what it is: a deadly cancer preying on American society.

Mario Puzo's novel, "The Godfather," obviously is based to a great degree on the testimony of Joe Valachi to the FBI and on Peter Maas' "The Valachi Papers." Both books presented the structuring of the modern Cosa Nostra in historical perspective: Maas reported Valachi's testimony; Puzo used fictional characters to whom he added the depth of characterization that is the prerogative of the accomplished novelist. They revealed that the rackets in many large cities and urban areas of the United States are controlled by a so-called family

or families. Each of these families is headed by a "boss" who represents his family on the national grand council which, in turn, is chaired by one of its members who becomes "the boss of all bosses." An individual family, controlled by its "boss," has an "under-boss" and lieutenants to whom are assigned soldiers. Functioning in a paramilitary organization, the soldier must follow an established chain of command and report directly to his lieutenant — Joe Valachi was on the order of a Master Sergeant working out of headquarters. The organization comes first, above everything, no matter what. Death is the penalty for talking about the organization to outsiders, for telling your wife about Mafia business, or for not carrying out an order issued from a "boss" to a lieutenant to a soldier. Both books illustrate how these orders are carried out. What is especially sinister is the way "a contract" — to kill an enemy — is passed down from the top echelon to the soldier through such a labyrinth of personnel that it is almost impossible to trace the murder to the boss from whom the order originated. Actually, even the soldier who chooses the executioners is protected by the Mafia's oath of silence and his remoteness from the act itself. The novel goes into much more detail about the organization and operation of the Mafia than the work of non-fiction. This is because the novelist did not have to document his findings, although it could also be because the novelist had the advantage of drawing on more sources than the original work by Maas.

Both books demonstrate that organized racketeering became a national force in the 1920's with prohibition serving as the catalyst. Before the federal government became involved in the impractical activity of "legislating morality" — a responsibility that is traditionally delegated in our federal system to the states and local governments — the criminal element operated primarily in prostitution and gambling. Prohibition gave it an outlet of national scope and made it almost a Robin Hood

type operation, providing a desired — though government-outlawed — service to the community. When prohibition was repealed in the 1930's, the organization filled the void by beefing up its trafficking in narcotics, and, during World War II, its black market activities. Currently, it has moved into legitimate businesses by using its loan shark racket as a lever. Of course, this racket preys to a great extent on the poor, but it also is now being used by the Mafia to loan money to legitimate businessmen for a piece of their businesses. The Cosa Nostra has also infiltrated, among other enterprises, the trade unions, garbage collection, trucking, the waterfront, the construction industry, the transportation in general. Peter Maas dramatically summarizes the impact of the Cosa Nostra on our economy by writing that: "The drain on the national economy is so enormous that if the Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were reported, the country could meet its present obligations with a 10 percent tax reduction instead of a 10 percent surcharge increase." Another interesting revelation by Maas was that the FBI was so preoccupied with controlling and searching out domestic communists during the 1950's that J. Edgar Hoover was unable to meet the demand of Attorney General Robert Kennedy for underworld intelligence data. At the time of the new Attorney General's demand, the FBI had 400 agents in its New York office foiling communists and only four agents doing "book-keeping" chores on racketeering. By 1962 the 150 New York agents who were newly reassigned to organized crime were forced to accelerate their activities by widespread wiretapping and bugging.

A secret, totalitarian organization — of the fascist type — based on violence and operating in a democratic society, the Cosa Nostra will use any means to achieve its goals. Control of public officials has always been a basis of its operations. Puzo, in "The Godfather," implied that his "boss of all bosses" had connections from the lowest level of local government in

New York City to the hierarchy of the federal government in Washington, D. C. Recent Grand Jury investigations in New Jersey and elsewhere seem to support these local ties, although connections to elected officials in Washington have not been documented. Although Machiavellian means are used extensively by the Mafia, the organization's real power rests on the fear its threats of violence generate in its victims. This is a valid reaction supported by the Mafia's history of use of torture, murder or any means to achieve its goals.

To be successful an organization must offer incentives that will satisfy the basic drives and needs of its members. The Cosa Nostra, operating as a sort of government within a government, or a nation within a nation, through devious, extreme means meets this requirement. Puzo's *Godfather*, "the boss of all bosses," determined early in life that he was unable to achieve his own ambitions within the framework of the traditional American establishment. He turned to the Mafia for personal fulfillment. Through his experience he got the idea that he could operate his world far better than his enemies ran the outside world that inhibited his own development. Somewhat like a politically-oriented national leader, he consolidated his power by becoming the chief diplomat, the chief executive, the chief legislator, the commander in chief, the chief fiscal officer, and the chief politician of his own world. Always available to assist his followers and neighbors, he built his power partially on their indebtedness to him. If there was any weakness in his armor it was his human failing to overpersonalize relationships. But even this shortcoming was minimized in him and his own organization prospered under his leadership.

Both books have great reader appeal. "The Valachi Papers" reports what life in the Mafia is like and presents a documented, unemotional exposure of it. It is based on the author's many direct interviews with Joe Valachi, Valachi's written responses to a number of the author's questions, the

author's interviews with many of Valachi's associates, hundreds of pages of interrogations by the Bureau of Narcotics and the FBI, and numerous other official sources and documents. It is a classic of criminal reporting upon which other books have been and will be written. "The Godfather," on the other hand, is an in-depth novel that also holds the reader's interest throughout. It has everything in it. Characters are based on famous and infamous people: movie stars; popular singers; politicians; police officers; criminals; and others with whom these well-known people came in contact. It appeals to the reader's prurient interests, sense of social justice, desire for excitement and urge to live vicariously on the other side of the law. It is a novel of adventure to those removed from the criminal world. What might puzzle some readers who complete the novel — and there will be very few who will not read it from cover to cover — is the way the author depicts most of his women as saints and most of his men as sinners. The men live their lives of violence, reaping their rewards for a time, but generally dying as violently as they lived. The woman knows her place and plays the role of the "old world" wife-mother, loyally supporting her husband and praying for his soul in her regular visits to church. Of course, there is the unfaithful wife of the movie star-singer — but she is not of the Mafia — and a sprinkling of mistresses — also not of the Mafia — but these women play only minor roles. Above all, this is a novel of power and its use by the outsider who makes his own rules, but still is forced to be sensitive to society's laws.

The reader might also be puzzled by the novel's ending. Puzo leads us to believe that, at one point during his brief, forced exile in Sicily, the youngest son of the Godfather appeared to understand the terrible impact of the Mafia on the Island and of his father's organization on the United States: "If it (his father's criminal organization) continued to prosper it would grow into what happened here on this Island (Sicily),

so cancerous that it would destroy the whole country." But his family loyalties and his all-consuming desire for power were too strong to overcome. He succeeded his father, successfully reaped vengeance on his and his father's enemies, consolidated his family's power with a new base of operations in Las Vegas, and generally became a reincarnation of his father. The novel leaves him in such a strong position that its final scene

shows his wife — a recently converted Catholic — praying for his soul in her new church. The author seems to assume that the Cosa Nostra, using more modern methods, will survive and prosper and that organized crime will continue to be an integral part of the human experience. Perhaps this is a realistic view, but perhaps our President and the Bureau of Narcotics and the FBI would have written it differently.



— William Pellett '70

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

Rush Hour Insomnia

Such a hurry rush hour brings
Minds strain to meet the need

With all the beauty of a spring
Few seem to slow and take heed.

They pass and beep and rattle and roar
Letting time go by, but they don't seem to care anymore.

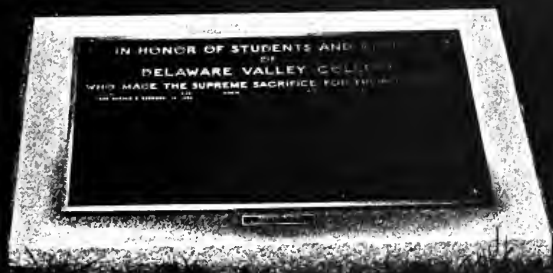
The grass turns green and flowers bloom
But they rush on, for their minds have no more.

They have become filled with more important things
Which money and power will surely bring.

It won't take long to notice nature's new tale
But it can wait, like yesterday's mail.

HOMECOMING

can you hear it...
that faint John Deere roar?
there... coming around the Hort building.
it won't be long now.
like music, that misfiring misfit.
yet, i wish it would hurry.
for once in it's mistreated life,
i wish it would hurry.
yeah... here it comes.
good friend come to see an alumnus,
come to clean the stone chips
away from my name.
that's better... now they can see.
look guys, look down and read.
hey, stop a minute, the mail will wait.
look down... hey!
hey... goddamn-it look.
for god's sake won't anybody look?
won't anybody see my name in brass,
my country in hell?



night

night. starless dark. darkness without hope of sun, least of all moon. people smile. sad. all too often a smile recalls the time when smiles meant happiness and for this, sadness is compounded. there is no light, this night on spring's eve. strange how, when all life is about to begin after winter's rage, it is quiet. like a calm afore a raging storm save for clouds and rain and any turbulence at all. no words describe this night. the poets pen lies still like in a slippery sheath. like spastick hands, attempts are made. futule. without end. worse yet without beginning. dawn lies. crouching. waiting. stalking night so that it may bring yet another blackness to suppress souls and imprison already blinded eyes.

there for noise is no silence. the waters rushing avoiding pain anticipate every rock. no scream of anguish from split molecules does it utter. stones lie dry. moss and water clinging things wither to die least rain from stars does save them. pools remain pools without undercurrent to prevent stagnation. fowl eggs remain unbroken by life or predator's death. all is still. nothing. silence invades silence creating cranial noise deafening to those forced to listen.

growing pains of oaks, stopped for and eon and twigs lacking energy retreat unto themselves. leaves are but embryos carried in the womb of a forgotten nut, to dry in some shallow grave dug by a well meaning but forgetful creature.

why is this night so? no world has ended. no life's love recently lost to death or another's love? why? is it because some life within my fingers wills it so? perhaps a friend? perhaps a fiend? perhaps a reason, purpose? nay not so; reason wills but reason, purpose a goal, a friend but happiness, a fiend... ah yes a fiend. for what better cruel gesture can be laid upon an enemy than loneliness.

apt enemy this. to find a punishment so dull in blade so as to allow slow and meaningless rot from within my soul. clever disease to inflict upon one seemingly so young and growing.

again darkness. even in this new light. darker perhaps than the night before. for a candle burns so dark when in the sun and the sun burns so much brighter when it is but a memory. blind this night of new light, and let me suffer in the ignorance. let me again indulge in the search not wanting an end.

Then Will I Know

When the only pleasure found is behind locked doors,
Or folded in a wallet by the scores,
Or when subconscious minds are screaming still for more,
 Then will I know I have lived too long.

When a baby's tender crying stirs no soul,
Or hands are never outward to console,
And hearts are as empty as old kitchen bowls,
 Then will I know I have lived too long.

When hearts are only given out of force,
When no man will another's trust endorse,
When man and nature have been divorced,
 Then will I know I am dead.

Dusty

We all are, as you are, as I am dust
In the draft, meaningless dust
Pushed by a force from a
Turning standstill
World, unknown
As particles
falling
toward
the
g
r
o
u
n
d

— Stephen Maddock Cooper '70

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

A Special Death



A heart has been stilled;
it will flow no more with love,
only blood will wander through its now cold walls;
for freedom has been from it stripped,
never to be replaced.
Naked it froze with neglect
and died . . . leaving but a few to mourn.
Torn is it from the life it loved so much.
Death with all its many fingers enwraps the organ,
gives it peace and drapes it in blindness,
and buries the ill-fated soul
with the comfort of conformity.

ONLY IN AMERICA

Editors' Preface . . .

America, a nation of change and emotion, a symbol of freedom to some, and a symbol of repression to others, is your country. The following pictures were taken by student and photographer, David Jay Kamison, last October at the Fort Dix demonstrations in New Jersey. The young people in the photographs are not students of Delaware Valley College. Most of them are concerned individuals who attempted to express their dissatisfaction with certain policies they felt tarnished the cause of freedom on which this nation was established. They

are responsible in that they realize that change stifles the stagnation which has caused the downfall and ruin of societies of which only a textbook description remains. Some readers will no doubt praise the actions of those pictured on the following pages, others will decry their actions as an outrage to the democratic society in which they live. Whatever your reaction might be, these pictures are meant to disturb you, to make you think about your values, and the values of your country.



"Only in America" is my title for this series of photographs. It is up to the reader to interpret them to be symbolic of military repression or an incidence of freedom of speech which

could not be photographed anywhere else in the world. Regardless of your interpretation, this could happen only in America.

— David Jay Kamison '70









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TIONS ARE PUNISHABLE UNDER 18 USC,
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Concerning The Mundane

— John D. Martin '70

Not Black, Not White

Help me I'm all gray,
Caught between black and white.
I can't seem to find my way
Between what's wrong or right.

Help me I'm all gray,
Like a storm cloud massing high,
Messing up a sunny day,
Raining from my eye.

Help me I'm all gray,
Caught between youth and age.
Like a needle lost in the hay,
I'm trying to find my way.

— Gary Miller '72

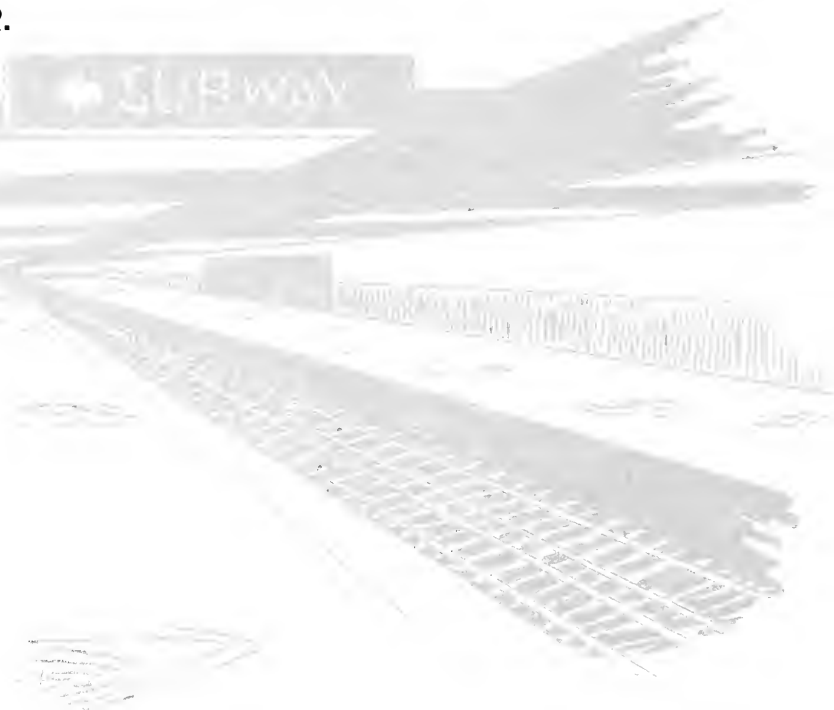
— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

To P. J. & J. R.

2:45 in the morning
alone,
with silence,
except
for quiet drops of water
falling
from the ceiling
to the puddle
harbored by the tracks below.

Their noisy splash
is echoed
by the walls
as they persist
to interrupt
the deafening silence
of the underground.

Drops of water
wondering why they belong,
each to each other,
continue in
harmonious succession
to fall from their birth
to the grimy puddle.



THEY

They say, when you're 19,
you can't be in love,
because you are not old enough
to know what love is.
If we aren't in love,
what are we in???
When you're 19,
you can love your mother,
love your sister, neighbor, and brother.
But you can't love a girl,
because you're not old enough.
At 19, you can fight a war,
and be killed.
Could you imagine
ending your life
without being loved,
or loving???
You can love your mother and feel secure,
but you can't talk and hold her hand,
and kiss her goodnight or more.
They say, Romeo and Juliet is the greatest
love story ever written,
but what the hell,
they were only 15.



— John D. Martin '70

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70

Downfall

I try to gaze at the sky,
In hope of answering the question why
Man has committed the awful sin
Of using the sky as a garbage bin.

Looking down at the stream below
That once was as clear as glass, you know,
You sort of have to stop and think,
What would it be like without water to drink.

The air's not fit, and the water's bad.
Man's poisoning God's land. How very sad
and stupid we are to destroy it all,
paving the way for man's d

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A Reason

What is it that makes me think
I can hold the past, collect it
Piece by piece until I have a cabinet
full.

Why do I want to walk back through
the years

To live where ghosts now haunt.
Can a piece of wood or lump of clay
Be such a magnet as to attract
My youthful eye?

The world has aged a little
Since chamber pots and old oil lamps.
But have its makers aged as well?
Perhaps it's this that makes me
Want to spend the rest of my life,
As long or short as it may be,
In an old stone house
By some forgotten road.



Don't Walk

— Gary Miller '72

— Illustrated by Quentin Schlieder '70



A noisy corner, a sidewalk cafe,
We all are signing our lives away.
Don't Walk!

A screaming siren shatters the night.
Our eyes are blinded by the flashing light.
Don't Walk!

Slowly we turn to look and see
Who are our friends in the land of the free?
Don't Walk!

Slowly the night enfolds us all
We march like soldiers, down the long dark hall
Walk!

LOVE

"What's over there?"

"just another hill."

"And then . . . ?"

"another hill."

"Why so many?"

"glaciers . . . i guess."

"What?"

"glaciers."

"Oh."

"Sun's going down."

"yeah."

"Going to be cold?"

"ahuh."

"There's the first star."

"oh . . . yeah."

"Make a wish."

"huh?"

"Make a wish."

"ok."

"What's it like?"

"what?"

"You know . . ."

"oh . . . i donna know."

"Oh."

"Do you love me?"

"huh?"

"Do you love me?"

"yeah . . . i guess."

"Oh."

"Hey . . . ?"

"yeah?"

"Nothing."

"oh."

"What time is it?"

"huh?"

"What time is it?"

"oh . . . 11:30."

"I have to be home by twelve."

"ok."

Death In A Foreign Land

Dedicated to John Maris and Al Schiemann

"Save a life," called the dyin' man.
"Save my wife and my little children.
Why must I die in this foreign land
For a cause I don't believe in?"
"You're gonna die!" called the killin' man.
"No one cares about your wife and your little
children.
You're gonna rot, boy, in this foreign land.
And you are nothin' but a candle for the
moratorium."
"I'm gonna die, NO!! I don't wanna die, NO!!
Tell my mamma and my papa that I love them,
And I wish they could see me here in this foreign
land.
I got a bullet stuck deep down in my warm breast.
And I don't wanta die—I wanta live like the rest.
Why must I die in this rotten, stinkin' land for a war
I can't believe in?"

"You're gonna die!," called the killin' man
As he stood over me with that long knife in his
hand.
He cut off my head and divided my body and soul.
But now I am truly a free man in this foreign land.
"I am dead. NO!!—I am dead. NO!!"
When I died, I began to float way up.
I saw them wrap my body in plastic and put it
in a truck.
I could hear the jibber-jabber of the people when
they'd talk.
But now I'm free, away I can walk.
"Save my life," called the dyin' man.
"Save my wife and my little children.
I am the second today to die in the war
And I don't wanta die, I just wanta live some more."
"You're gonna die!" called the killin' man.
"You're gonna die!!" called the killin' man.

MEDCAP

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author's brother is presently serving his country in this program. The photographs printed here are illustrative of the great humanitarian work people like Dr. Stepler are doing.

Too often, only those events which are unpleasant, disserviceable or ill-motivated are recorded in newspapers and magazines.

This is the story of a service overseas which denies much of the undeserved criticism which is aimed at our military forces overseas. At this very moment many military men who have dedicated their lives to the medical profession, are working on the Medical Civil Action Project in South Vietnam. In this project, unarmed medical teams consisting of doctors, dentists, and technicians go into villages to give free treatment, advice and technical service to the village inhabitants.

By definition, MEDCAP is the care and treatment of civilians of the Republic of South Vietnam by medical personnel from the United States and Free World armed forces.

MEDCAP operations are carried out with an eye on the future so that when military elements are withdrawn, Govern-

ment officials of South Vietnam can provide continued treatment.

One of the objectives of the program is directed toward improving the existing local health environment. The program also provides education in basic sanitation and other preventative measures to deter disease problems. Local medical personnel also benefit through the training they receive from those men involved in MEDCAP.

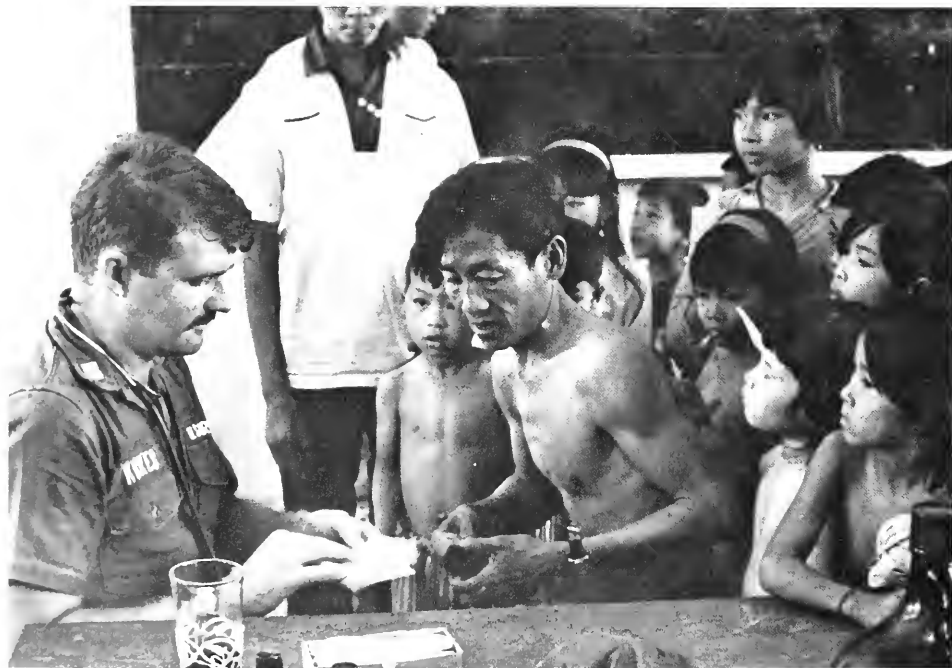
Even deeper than the humanitarian function of the program, lies the purpose of restoring a people's confidence in their government. This is a difficult task, but through the efforts of this group of dedicated Americans the Government of the Republic of South Vietnam is establishing a broad base of support and respect among the civilian population.

By participating in MEDCAP, American Servicemen are not only serving their country, but are performing humane acts which are a credit to our national heritage.



- ← Dr. Stepler, the author's brother, examines a child's mouth and throat, rendering his valuable service as a dentist to those in need of his care.
- ↓ Dr. Abel, one of Dr. Stepler's associates, uses sign language to communicate with his young patient.





Soap is a luxury in Vietnam. The program distributes it free of charge as a control for skin irritations.

Sunset

Shining through the trees
The golden sun casts its spell;
All is hypnotized.

Clouds drift over trees
Caught in the sun's magic trance;
All is somnolent.

Rays of color cascade
From abstract kingdoms above;
Rapture, ecstasy.

Draped in her glory
The sun descends from her throne;
Eden recreated.

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